

HOME SECTION SOUTHERN TEXTILE BULLETIN

Edited by "Becky Ann" (Mrs. Ethel Thomas)

CHARLOTTE, N. C., NOVEMBER 10, 1927.

News of the Mill Villages

LAUREL HILL, N. C.

Morgan Cotton Mills Company (Springfield Plant)

Miss Ethel Smith and Mr. Simon Carlyle were married in Bennettsville Saturday, and will live in Springfield.

Mr. Jasper Smith and family, and Mr. Will Guinn and family, are among the prodigals, who have returned to Springfield. We rejoice to have them back,—especially as Ruth Guinn was a loved member of our Sewing Club.

Our Sewing Club met with Miss Pearl Hagan to plan for a Halloween party, and had an enjoyable evening. There were so many Halloween events, we had to have ours on Friday evening afterward. We would have been glad to have you, Aunt Becky to act as ghost for us.

The girls are ahead of the boys, so far in the Sunday school contest.

I slipped on the newly scrubbed floor today; after the girls picked me up, Mr. Bass was right there with a bottle of that "Mecromacure" and when the painting was finished, my knees were beautifully decorated in pink roses.

Mr. Cleaveland Ammons went to Millen, Ga., last Friday; he is one of our master mechanics, and is expecting to be transferred there, to another of the Morgan Mills.

A small son of Mr. John Callahan fell from a tree last Sunday, breaking one of his arms in two places; a doctor immediately "set" it, and we hope he will be all right.

Mr. and Mrs. Ben Wilkerson, of McColl, S. C., and their daughter, Mrs. Roy Dawkins, of Charlotte, spent Sunday with Mrs. Snead and Mrs. Helms.

Mr. and Mrs. James Snead, of Maxton, spent Sunday with Mrs. Snead.

Mrs. Ella Wilson and family were Sunday guests of Mrs. J. W. Mills. Louise Helms.

LEXINGTON, S. C.

Red Bank Plant.

We Lexington people have been very busy taking in the State fair.

We are sorry to report that Mrs. Dale is suffering severely from a cancer.

Mr. and Mrs. Cromer Goodwin are parents of a nice boy, William Braxton.

Mr. Charles Harmon and Miss Carrie Gaffney were guests of Mrs. I. L. Wooten, Tuesday.

Mr. Fred Rush of Clemson College, was visiting his parents last week-end.

Mr. Tom Sentell spent the week-end with his parents in Winnsboro.

Mr. P. D. Parkman and family had a delightful trip to Cherokee Falls, Sunday.

Mr. Taylor visited his parents in Newberry, last Saturday and Sunday.

The Epworth League of Red Bank is still progressing, and our B. Y. P. U.'s are splendid. We have a Senior and Junior and we sure do work to see which can beat in numbers.

Aunt Becky, you should see our boys play foot ball. They sure are knock-outs, and we girls truly give them some yells to boost them. They have won every game except one. They are playing hard to win the championship, and we hope they do. Thelma Wooten.

ROCK HILL, S. C.

Our "Carhartt Corner" Merry Maids Have a Halloween Party. Personals.

The Merry Maids Club of the Carhartt community gave a Halloween party on Saturday night, October 29th. The community house was decorated very effectively in orange and black. After games appropriate for the occasion a course of hot chocolate and sandwiches was served. A number of young people at-

tended and a good time was enjoyed by all.

Mr. and Mrs. G. S. Melton and family visited in Ridgeway the past week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. Riley and family have moved from this place to some small town in Georgia.

Mr. B. F. Brasington and sons, Ira and Hobson, of Heath Springs, visited Mrs. M. A. McGuirt, of 22 Wilson street, Sunday.

The Matrons Club will meet again next Friday night at the Community House. The members are planning and working for the Christmas bazaar.

KINGS MOUNTAIN, N. C.

First Baptist Church Has Lovely Baptistry — Mrs. Connor Wins Prizes for Dahlias—Boy Steals Car—Two Couples Wed — Good Man Dies.

The members of the First Baptist church have a new baptistry that is a real beauty and would do honor to a much larger church. The background is a painting from a real photo of the Jordan river and valley, so natural that a boy asked Sunday, "Mama, is that real water?"

The pastor, Dr. C. J. Black, made the plans and had them carried out in his own way. In speaking of the picture I should have said it was painted by a member of the church, Mrs. M. E. Herndon, as a memorial to her family. The baptistry is not quite ready for use yet, but the pastor expects to have a candidate ready to baptize as soon as it is done.

The Wesleyan Methodist will begin a revival at their church Sunday. Rev. E. L. Henderson, of West Durham, will do the preaching. Everybody is invited to hear him.

The Woman's Club held their annual floral fair here Friday. There sure were a lot of nice flowers and some nice prizes given. The writer

(Continued on Page 4)

Becky Ann's Own Page

SIGN YOUR NAME

We cannot publish letters without knowing who they are from; but, we do not publish the writers names if they object. We have some fine stuff on our desk that must be fed to the goat—all because no names are signed.

THE MANNETTISM

We thank Mr. P. B. Moore, overseer weaving, Manetta Mills, Monroe, N. C., for copy of "The Mannettism," a cute little publication for enclosure in the pay envelope. "The only newspaper in the world that has its every word read by over 100 per cent of its subscribers," is its claim.

What we wish to say is, we received the "pay envelope" and the little paper all right, but nothing else! So Mr. Moore, unless you want to be in style, and get "sued" for something (we might say false pretense,) better rush us a pair of those good warm blankets—for we are going to need more cover soon, according to your "Jim Brown's" prophecy.

GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER.

Negro Chemist, Perhaps the Most Remarkable Man of His Race.

God didn't give all the brains to white people. There are some wonderfully smart men among the colored race—some of them measuring up to the high standard of the much respected Booker T. Washington. But we truly believe that George Washington Carver, a plain, unassuming black man of Tuskegee, Alabama, is the most remarkable man of his race.

He has no relatives in the world, so far as he knows. He was born in slavery; was kidnapped once and swapped for a horse. His earliest education was obtained from an old worn "blue-back" spelling book. When 10 years old he walked eight miles to school. For nine years he was a house servant, studying every spare moment. He did laundry work to pay his way through high school.

He became manager of a laundry, and for three years saved every penny to pay his way through college, where he was given greenhouse work. There Booker Washington, the great negro educator, found him; saw the possibilities in him and took him to Tuskegee, where he has remained, and where he has become famous through his chemistry.

From Georgia red mud, he produces exquisite fadeless colors and

finest paints of every tint. He "introduced peanuts and sweet potatoes into society" through his wonderfully fine toilet preparations of every conceivable kind, made from these products.

From the peanut, he has made 167 products, and more than 100 from the sweet potato—and 60 from the pecan.

He lives all alone in a small house in which he also does his chemical work. He has had numerous and flattering offers from various sources, but has turned them all down. Edison once offered him \$50,000 to go to his (Edison's) laboratories, but Carver refused.

Carver is deeply religious and living so close to nature is also close to God. Here are some of his sayings:

"Nature colored the clay thousands and thousands of years ago, and the color still stands."

"God gave me this gift, and I'll give it to the people of the South."

"They say science is 'classified knowledge.' I say it is TRUTH. Jesus said: 'Ye shall know the TRUTH and the TRUTH shall set you free.' And that is Science."

And some people would have us believe that a negro has no soul! Would God make such a gift to a creature without a soul?

LAUREL HILL, N. C.

Morgan Mills, Springfield Plant.

(By an Employee)

Don't you hear the bell now ringing?

Old man Tyndall still is swinging To the rope that comes on down there through the mill.

Two by two you see them coming As the motors start to humming—

You don't like to, but must "work or leave the hill."

At the store they get your number, Charge one cent for each cucumber;

That's the place where you get started on your way.

One by one they punch your figures

As they do for Henry Driggers,

Still, you draw, a nice full pay slip on pay day.

When you taste of that "Sunflower" You will like it each meal hour. As it comes around to you from day to day;

But if you should miss your portion

You might take a crazy notion—

Hire a truck right then and there and move away.

But on reaching your new quarters, You will tell your sons and daughters

That you made a sad mistake to move away,

And you'll tell them to "sit steady."

If the roads don't get too muddy

You'll go back before the close of the next day.

If you do move off and back again, Don't you stop till you see Guinn, Things will work out in your favor every time;

For instead of cutting wages

When you see the time book's pages,

You will find that he has raised you just a dime.

Or if you wish to join his class,

Make a call on Hilton Bass,

He will put you right to work to your delight,

And if you never have had blisters,

You just run a set of twisters,

And you'll have them on your fingers over night.

There are Messrs Smith and Carson, Also Superintendent Morrison,

You can find them any hour at your will,

For these men are always working And they will not stand for shirking,—

They are here to run the Morgan Cotton Mill.

Our mill's a jolly "Whopper."

If you act right with the Super Things will run just fine and dandy all the way.

But if he learns a thing against you

He will there and then convince you That he'll never give you work another day.

—Austin.

FRIES, VA.

Washington Mills Community Fair a Grand Success—Many Prize Winners—"Georgia Cracker" Takes a Crack At Verse.

Our community fair, held at the Y. M. C. A. building Thursday to Saturday, was a successful venture from every angle; it was sponsored jointly by the Parent-Teacher organization and the local "Y" management. The exhibits were numerous and varied, and far surpassed the expectations of the most optimistic member of the committee on arrangements. All kinds of fancy work, artcraft, bric-a-brac, woodwork, metal and wood combinations, heirlooms and antiques; old relics such as ancient firearms, pottery,

etc., were placed on exhibit. There was a great lot of cookery, canned fruits and vegetables. If I were to write out the whole thing in detail, it would take too much space; so, I will just mention the names of the first prize winners only:

Best plain sewing, Mrs. Will Davis; best single piece crochet, Mrs. John Patten; best collection crochet, Mrs. J. C. Phipps; best hand-painted article, Miss L. Carrier; best hem-stitched article, Mrs. M. M. Carter; best hand-made bedspread, Mrs. M. M. Carter; best French embroidery, Mrs. Betty Green; best collection embroidery, Mrs. J. W. Estes; best embroidery for children under ten years of age, Shirley Hill; best artificial flowers, waxed, Mrs. J. Williams; best artificial flowers, not waxed, Mrs. Mazy Johnson; best pot flowers, Mrs. H. F. Porter; best vegetable display, H. G. Holdway; best canned fruits, Mrs. Jim Thomas; best loaf bread, Mrs. J. A. Carrier; best pie, Mrs. C. H. Boyer; best cake, Miss Katy Dickenson; best candy, Miss Katherine McLean; best knife made article, John Haga; best wood and metal article, Ray Friend; best boy's woodwork, Alvin Snyder.

In connection with the fair, the play, "Piggly Wiggly," was presented in the "Y" auditorium Friday evening to a large audience, which very much appreciated the efforts of the local characters who rendered their parts almost like old professionals. The proceeds were around a hundred dollars and goes to the musical department of our school.

At most fairs there is generally one or more aeroplanes and Thursday some aviator passing over our town mistook it for the town in which he intended to land, and so he came down unaware that he had come to the fair; after he had enjoyed a look he sailed away again, creating considerable additional interest by so doing.

Alabam Yams and Virginia Hams.

I have a friend in Birmingham—
She sent me a big old "yaller yam"
that grew in good old Alabam—
I ate it with Virginia ham.

This friend of mine in "Alabam"—
Knows what a sweet potato "am"—
And by the aid of Uncle Sam—
She sent it me from Birmingham.

My wife, who knows just how to
cook—
Without consulting an old cook-
book—
When at this yam she had a look—
Tossed it in the oven with a left-
hand hook—

It baked just right and no mistake—
And was the best I ever ate—
Alas, my friend, sad to relate—
Just now I have the "tummy ache."
GEORGIA CRACKER.

GASTONIA, N. C.

Smyre Mills Community News. Church Activities, Social Events, Personals.

Church News.

Rev. Claude Moser preached a strong sermon at the 11 o'clock service Sunday morning, using as a text Rev. 1:8: "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending."

Mr. Rowe Henry, of the Ranlo school faculty, spoke to the Senior League Sunday evening on "The Value of Training." His address was inspirational and helpful, and the leaguers hope he will speak to them often during the next few months.

On last Tuesday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Dilling entertained the Senior League with a chicken supper which was cooked outdoors over a camp fire. Miss Mary Robinson, on behalf of the league, presented a lovely silver bowl to Rev. and Mrs. Claude Moser in token of their love and appreciation.

The Smyre congregation was very glad to have Mr. A. M. Smyre worship with them Sunday morning. Mr. Smyre is a loyal friend of this church and the people are always delighted to have him visit them.

The B. Y. P. U. of the Ranlo Baptist church will give an oyster supper at the Smyre Community House Saturday evening. The public is invited.

Rev. Claude H. Moser, pastor of the Smyre Methodist church, left Tuesday for Asheville to attend the Annual Conference of the Methodist church. He is able to report a splendid year's work for his church. There has been an increase in the membership, all the organizations are doing good work, all the financial obligations have been met and it shows that there has been paid into the church treasury an average of fifty dollars per member for the year. The outstanding work for the year was the building of a seven-room, brick veneer house for a parsonage, which completes the buildings necessary for a good church plant.

Party.

The Halloween party that was given by the Busy Bee Club Girls at the Smyre Community House Saturday night, October 29th, was a success. The rooms of the community house were decorated in a weird and spooky manner. A large crowd was present and the Club Girls added a neat sum to the club treasury and everyone present enjoyed a good time.

Personals.

Mr. T. M. Ellison, of Kings Mountain, was the week-end guest of his daughter, Mrs. M. C. Ewing.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Mauney, of East Gastonia, visited the latter's sister,

Mrs. Martha Black, Sunday afternoon.

Misses Vergie, Mamie and Zula Marlowe were the week-end guests of their sister, Mrs. C. T. Marlowe, of Lincolnton.

Miss Maude Saunders, of Belmont, spent the week-end with Miss Marie Lynn.

Mrs. Ross Eidson, of Dallas, is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Levi Baker.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Connor attended services at the Four-Square Gospel church Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. S. A. Lanier was a shopper in Charlotte Monday afternoon.

Miss Annie Howell, of Cherryville, spent Sunday with her sister, Mrs. Claude Moser.

Miss Lucille Marshall, of East Gastonia, was the week visitor of Misses Vergie and Zula Marlowe.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Ewing and family were visitors in Rock Hill, S. C., as guests of Mr. and Mrs. Church Taylor.

Rev. and Mrs. Claude Moser and children and Misses Ella and Leona Barnes were dinner guests of Mrs. T. A. Joy Sunday.

Mrs. Claude Moser and children are spending the week with relatives in Kannapolis.

Mr. Marshall Dilling has returned from Birmingham, where he attended the meeting of the Southern Textile Association.

Mr. and Mrs. N. W. Holland gave a lovely dinner party Friday evening honoring Rev. and Mrs. Claude Moser.

UNIONTOWN, ALA.

California Cotton Mills Company (Canebrake Plant)

We truly have good times here. Our big-hearted manager often comes down from Selma, and everybody is glad to see him.

Our Sunday school superintendent, Mr. Funderburk, meets us all with a smile, and is a great help to the community.

Somebody is always having a birthday dinner; last week it was J. H. Osmer, and the table set by Mrs. Osmer was just lovely; those invited were: Messrs. L. A. Funderburk, W. J. Buckner, V. S. Yelverton, G. W. Miller, Theo Phibbles, Amos Jackson, Houston Graves, J. H. Foster, W. T. Combs, T. F. Booser, and Mr. Ervin. It happened to be G. W. Miller's birthday, too!

On Monday we had a Flag raising at the schoolhouse. The mill closed down for the occasion which proves the patriotism of the company. Our beloved teachers, Mrs. Frank Glass, Miss Roberson Neil, and Miss Mary Coleman, had a fine program arranged, which must have made our manager and superintendent very proud.

There was an appropriate prayer

by Dr. Dickerson. Judge Taylor spoke on "What the Stars and Stripes Mean." There were songs and recitations by the children, and music by our own band. When they played "Dixie" and "America,"—oh, how it thrilled us!

The Happy Girls Club had a delightful Hallowe'en party in which prizes were won by Miss Inez Gates and Mr. Spot Guthrie. This club is only a few weeks old, and has \$50.00 in the treasury.

The Boys Club, four weeks old, is doing nicely, with Mr. Otto Shed, leader. They recently had an enjoyable hike.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Dempsey, of Opelika, Ala., was called here to the bedside of their daughter, Mrs. Honeycutt, who is seriously ill with double pneumonia.

Mrs. Geo. Pharis and little son, of McAllen, Texas, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Miller.

Mr. John Summers, our band leader, is treating himself to a new car, we hear.

Mr. L. A. Funderburk attended the Southern Textile Association in Birmingham, Ala.

Mr. Autry Funderburk is enjoying his Essex Super-Six,—so does his best girl!

Mrs. M. C. Crosgroves and sons, Johnnie and M. J., of Philadelphia, Miss., are guests of the former's mother, Mrs. M. E. Wadsworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Alton Luke, and daughters, Evelyn and Jewel, Misses Lucile Green, Annie and Ruth Cosgroves, of Philadelphia, Miss., are visiting their grandmother, Mrs. M. E. Wadsworth.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Diggins, November 3rd, a fine girl.

"Billy Joe."

CLIFTON, S. C.

Teacher Entertains Bible Class.

Miss Sara McClure, teacher of the Young Men's Bible Class of Clifton No. 1 Baptist church, gave a delightful Halloween entertainment at her home Monday evening, October 31.

Fall flowers and autumn leaves were used appropriately and artistically in the decorations, and witches and ghosts greeted the guests as they arrived.

There were games, fortune telling, music and delicious apples and wafers for refreshments.

Those present were Misses Ellen McClure, Annie Harvey, Beulah Wood, Gladys Cash, Annie Mae and Myrtle Franklin, Eva and Edna Lawing, Ruth and Louella Henderson, Kate Bradley, Edna Maiden and Mary and Elsie Wells, Mr. and Mrs. Boyd Hughes, Randolph Bryant, E. C. Wood, Clarence Thomas, Elbert Henderson, Lloyd Bishop, Ralph Kinard, Guy Baxter, Oscar Baker, Oliver Sanders, Theodore McGaha, and the Rev. W. B. Thorne.

KINGS MOUNTAIN, N. C.

(Continued from Page 1)

is the proud owner of a nice rug given for the best vase of dahlias. I also got second best at Bessemer City last Saturday, at the Phenix Mill Store. There were some of the best chrysanthemums this year I have ever seen.

Mr. Robert Lynn, of the Margrace, had an attack of appendicitis last week, and was carried to the Shelby hospital Sunday, where he underwent a very successful operation. He expects to get back home in a few more days.

Phenix Mill.

Little Roy Mauney has had a very bad case of diphtheria since our last writing but is well on the road to recovery at this time.

Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Payseur attended the floral fair at Cherryville Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Mauney and children visited their cousin near Cherryville Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Biddex, of Groves, spent Sunday night with their daughter, Mrs. John Lay. Mr. Biddex has not been well for some time and came up to get Dr. Stokes to treat his head.

Mr. Dewey Cleary and Miss Mary Jane Putnam went to Shelby Monday and were married. Her parents Mr. and Mrs. Tom Putnam, accompanied them. They will make their home at the Phenix, where they have both lived for a number of years. We wish them much happiness.

The Ladies' Aid of Grace Methodist church will serve supper Saturday night in the league room. They will have chicken, oysters, cake and most anything else good. Most everything will be donated by the ladies in the community and the proceeds will be used by the Aid where it is most needed.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Blankenship, of Charlotte, were visitors in the home of Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Gault Wednesday.

Mrs. D. C. Paysour is on the sick list at this time.

Mr. Frank Green drove his Ford to the mill Thursday morning and left it as usual. About 7 o'clock a runaway boy (we did not learn his name) came along and proceeded to make his getaway in it. Chief Allen was notified immediately and went to work. The car was located in Chester, S. C., and Frank drove it to work again this morning.

Dilling Mill.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Conner had as their guests Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Will H. Humphries and children, of Shelby, and Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Conner and children, of Bessemer City.

Mr. R. L. Sisk and children, of Shelby, visited Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Parrish Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Curry, of

Shelby, visited relatives and friends here over the week-end.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Conner and son, Yates, attended the floral fair at Bessemer City Saturday night.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Hunter Bennett on Saturday, October 29th, a son.

The East End School gave the children a part holiday Wednesday that the teachers might attend the funeral of Mr. M. L. Plonk, the father of Miss Jett Plonk, one of our teachers. She has the sympathy of the entire community.

Mr. Grady Bennett and Miss Edith Bennett visited their sister, Mrs. Russell Black, at Concord Sunday.

Mr. James Sisk, of Shelby, was a Kings Mountain visitor Saturday.

Mrs. Sarah Navy is real sick at this writing. We hope for her a speedy recovery. Her friend, Mrs. L. E. Conner, of Bessemer City, is spending a few days with her.

Mrs. J. A. Davis, of Shelby, came to Kings Mountain Friday from Waynesville to spend some time with her daughters, Mrs. J. B. Mauney and Mrs. M. L. Conner.

Earl Pite and Miss Elizabeth Bridges slipped off and got married one day last week. Earl is one of our old (or I should say young) Dilling Mill boys but is at the "old mill" now. We wish for them a long and happy life.

Mr. M. L. Conner received a message Tuesday stating that his half brother, Mr. Hoyle Conner, died at the home of his son, Mr. James Conner, near Toluca, November 1st. He had been in bad health for several months and had been confined to his bed for four or five weeks. He was an old Confederate soldier and was in his eighty-first year. He is survived by seven children, a large number of grandchildren and great grandchildren, one full brother and two half brothers. The funeral was held at Union church Wednesday afternoon, November 2nd, by Rev. W. W. Washburn, and the body laid to rest in the church cemetery. He was a lovable Christian character and will be greatly missed by his loved ones and friends, but our loss is his gain. Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Conner attended the funeral.

Cora Mill.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Burgain Delling on Monday, October 31st, a daughter.

Mrs. E. A. Roper suffered a stroke of paralysis at her home at the Cora Mill a few days ago and is in a serious condition. Hope she will soon be better.

Mr. H. P. King, or "Grandpa King," as he is familiarly known, has been real sick at the home of his grandson, Mr. Eulas King, for the last week. He was in his usual health Sunday and went to his grandson's to take dinner, where he was taken suddenly ill and has not been able to get home. MRS. M. L. C.

DRIVEN FROM HOME

By

MRS. ETHEL THOMAS

(Continued from Last Week)

"Oh, I won't get drunk, but I've got to have something to help me right now, or I'll go crazy. Why things I never thought of a second time, rise up to haunt me and drive me wild. Why I've got to get relief somehow. Lou, I've been meaner than the devil wants a man to be, and I'm hoping that very thing may prove the salvation of my boys. If I'd a been a 'respectable' drunkard and gambler, they might have grown up to tolerate and even indulge in the same sins. I'm hoping they were too thoroughly disgusted to follow my example." John took another big drink, and was soon drunk, of course; but not free from the lash of conscience which was applied even more relentlessly.

"I can't go back,—the boys are grown now—they'd kill me sure!" he groaned,—“and serves me right! Johnnie's got it in for me,—oh, the blood on his poor little legs! Blood—and it won't wash off—it keeps running—it won't stop! Mother! mother! mother!” and on he raved till Luella was almost beside herself with grief, and really glad when at last he became “dead drunk” and oblivious to everything.

A couple of weeks later on Sunday morning Alfred and his wife were starting to the little church—we'll call it “Mt. Beulah,” Alfred seemed absent-minded, and unusually silent, and on being questioned, replied:

“I don't know, Maud, what is the matter. It can't be indigestion, for your cooking is perfect. But I've got the strangest feeling—just a dreadful apprehension of something going to happen. Did you ever feel that way?”

“Many a time, dear, and I always found out I needed a liver pill. Better take one,—you'll find a box in the medicine case.”

“I don't think I need it,” smiled Alfred, trying to pull himself together. “But if I feel this way tonight, I'll be willing to try your remedy. I'm just wondering if anything has happened to Alfred. We haven't heard from him,—or Johnnie in several weeks?”

“If anything had happened, we surely would have heard. They both carry identification cards and our address,” was the comforting answer.

“Yes, I know;—but still—there's something wrong, somewhere, sure as you live. I never have felt like this before.”

“Well, after we have walked through the lovely woods, and sweet-scented fields, and have seen the beauty of pink and white dogwood, and delicately tinted dress of Mother Nature, I'm sure you'll feel better.”

Sunday school was over, and after a short intermission in which there was much hand-shaking and neighborly inquiries after each other's health, the people gathered

They're All There

From the doffer boys, the spinners, the weavers on up to the overseers, superintendents and even the mill owners, they're all there in the

Becky Ann Books

Aunt Becky Ann (Mrs. Ethel Thomas) writes of Southern mill life as no other author has ever done. Her thrilling romances throb with life and love in the mill villages, grip your interest and hold it to the last line.

Read

Only a Factory Boy
Hearts of Gold
Will Allen—Sinner
The Better Way
A Man Without a Friend
Driven From Home

PRICE \$1.00 EACH

Order from

Clark Publishing Co.
Charlotte, N. C.

Nobodys Business

By Gee McGee.

I asked the ice-man the other day what he would do in an emergency. He said he would jump out of the window and turn to the left, and write his resignation on the train.

Al. Smith won't get the K. K. K. vote, and that's 30 million; and he won't get the Baptist vote, and that's 40 million; and he won't get the prohibition vote, and that's 50 million, and he won't get the A. R. P. vote, and that's 15,831, including me; and as this leaves him only 39 million Catholics to rally around the polls, there simply ain't no use of him trying to be president. (N. B. Of course, this statement covers republicans who vote 4 or 5 times, when prices are right, and that explains why there are more voters in the U. S. than there are inhabitants).

There are 6 things that most any man will lie about, viz.: the number of miles he gets to the gallon, the amount of money he lost in 1920, how beautifully he and his wife get along, how many drinks it will take to throw him, how much he gives to the church, and where he was last night.

They now tell us that bustles are coming back in style. If they are worn, dresses will certainly have to be made longer, or they will be exposed to view from the rear. A skirt will then look like a little Japanese parasol, but I say—let 'em come—they can't embarrass me no more.

Farmer Brown says if he could get drug store profits for his cotton, it would fetch him 4 dollars a pound, and shoe-shine profits would make his cotton seed bring 2 hundred dollars a ton, and if he could manage to work some "political graft" into a bushel of his sweet potatoes, he would ride forever-and-ever in a Rolls-Royce. (He overlooked corn and coal).

A fellow asked me the other day if I was waiting on the new Ford. I told him yes. I felt under obligation to Mr. Ford. He waited on me 13 months when I bought my old one, and I thought it was up to me to be as nice to him as he was to me.

I have always envied Cousin Joe's fallen arches. The government is paying him 75 dollars a month for those arches, and so far as I know—his arches have been "fallen" all his life. When he was a shirt-tail boy, the middle of his hoof always dug a whole in the sand. It looks like it is mighty easy to fool Uncle Sam.

I went to a church festival the other night where they were "raising" money to send to the heathens. Now, I don't mean they were "raising" a dollar bill to a 5-dollar bill; no sir ree, this was a church matter, and it was operated on a church basis. I bought a bowl of oyster soup, and figured that "we" were clearing some money for Wung Lung. The "out-

again for the sermon. While the first song was being sung a slender veiled woman, and a man with heavy dark beard, both neatly dressed, alighted from a carriage, and after a few words to the driver, went quietly in the church and took a back seat, but were urged by the usher to come nearer the front, and followed him to a seat in the "Amen" corner, where they could see all over the house.

Presently when the collection plates were passed, by two young men the bearded man's dark eyes centered upon one of them; he caught his breath. The young man was Alfred Elgricel, and he came quietly and reverently to pass the plate, his eyes meeting those of the stranger, which were dark, and hauntingly familiar; the stranger dropped a five-dollar bill in the plate, and lowed his eyes. Alfred passed on. The man did not need to press his wife's hand—she knew that this was one of John's boys, and pressed his hand in answer.

Surely, this young man,—was a Christian and would forgive his father! Luella's heart thrilled. She glanced over the church in search of the other twin, for she was sure this was one of them; but her quest was in vain.

Alfred's seat was on the opposite side of the pulpit, with his pretty wife, and almost facing his father, who he had never seen wearing a beard; he had no idea who the stranger could be, nor why the man's eyes compelled and held his own gaze.

The preacher, young, virile and full of zeal for his master, preached a great sermon that day, on the subject of Temperance. "No drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven," was the assertion, read from Holy Writ, that caught and held the attention of John Elgricel, when the preacher read the first ten verses, of Chap. 6, 1 Cor. This was the first sermon he had heard in twenty years, and it's effect upon his already lacerated soul cannot be described.

When at the close of his powerful appeal for temperance, and a bitter denunciation of alcoholic drinks, he quoted with dramatic power and thrilling eloquence:

The Saloon Bar

"A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell—
Whoever named it, named it well!
A bar to manliness and wealth,
A door to want, and broken health.
A bar to honor, pride and fame,
A door to sin and grief and shame;
A bar to hope, a bar to prayer,
A door to darkness and despair;
A bar to honored, useful life,
A door to brawling, senseless strife;
A bar to all that's true and brave,
A door to every drunkard's grave;
A bar to joy that home imparts,
A door to tears, and aching hearts;
A bar to Heaven, a door to Hell—
Whoever named it, named it well!"

"Again, let me say with all the energy of my soul—all

the emphasis I possess—no drunkard shall enter the kingdom of heaven."

There was a pause. The preacher looked accusingly at one of his guilty members down near the door on a back seat,—a back-slider.

With despairing eyes fastened on the man of God, forgetful of everything else in the world, John Elgricel clenched the bench-back in front of him and rose to his feet crying out in agony:

"But what can we do about it? Is there no hope for a poor damned drunkard? Must he go to another hell worse than the one he makes for himself? Lost! Lost! Lost!"

CHAPTER XXIX

Louella, trembling and afraid, caught John's sleeve and pulled him back to his seat, and he sat there, white and despairing, trembling in every limb, staring with unseeing eyes into space.

Consternation reigned. The preacher frowned in perplexity, as every eye focused upon the stranger; he was surely drunk or crazy, was the general opinion, and only two or three realized that this was only another way of inquiring, "What must I do to be saved?"

"The blood of Jesus Christ cleaneth from all sin," solemnly declared the preacher, "God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for every man. He will cleanse and heal the drunkard, pardon every sin, blot them out of the book of remembrance and remember them no more. No drunkard can go to heaven; but when a poor drunkard, or any other sinner, goes with a broken contrite spirit to the Lord,—oh, then,—with more than the tenderness of a mother, our blessed Father heals the poor broken heart, binds up the bruises, put a song of praise on once profane lips, and forgets all the wicked past, for Jesus' sake. Is there a sinner here who wants to be saved?"

But John Elgricel had pulled himself together, painfully conscious that he had created a sensation and made himself conspicuous. The devil, who a moment before had trembled, chuckled in glee, as a hard cynical smile of derision twisted the lips of the man, as he stood through the song, plainly defiant:

"Come humble sinner in whose breast
Ten thousand thoughts revolve,
Come with your guilt and fear oppressed
And make this last resolve.

"I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away I know
I shall forever die!"

The preacher, with solemn warning, urged a definite decision by every unsaved person, appealing to no one in particular,—and wondered if the stranger was drunk or demented.

turn" of a bowl of soup is about as follows:

1 oyster	\$0.01
9 oysterettes	0.01
Milk	0.01
Water	0.00
Butter	0.00
Electric lights	0.01

Total outlay \$0.04

Well, I paid only 50 cents for my supper (?), so the ladies "cleared" 46 cents. I have concluded that it is easy and desirable to raise money for the heathens at home and abroad thru the "hot dog and oyster" route. That seems the only possible way to get even our best tithers to pay 2 per cent of their earnings into charity's ever-ready lap.

LAKEDALE, N. C.

Victory Mill Has Fine Epworth Leaguers— Halloween Carnival and Box Supper Profitable.

An Epworth League has recently been organized which has thirty-nine members. We all truly hope it will grow and prosper.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Frank Williams, of Darlington, S. C., will be here to attend school this winter.

There is not so much noise around the village since Mr. A. F. Melvin changed his old Ford for a newer model.

The Maness family are happy, as their son has returned after being away five years.

Mr. J. W. Lee has moved from the farm to one of his houses just outside the village.

After trying all last year to break Shanna Lee from chewing gum, our teacher has finally accomplished her desire.

We hope to have a string band in the village. Teddy Blount has bought a guitar, Harvey Sutton a ukelele, and Woodrow Blount a tamborine. They say all they need is a little bass.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Monroe, daughter, Mae Monroe, and son, Edward, took a trip to Knapolis and Lexington Sunday. They returned Monday afternoon.

Mrs. J. H. Parris is reported better after being ill for a week. We hope she will soon be able to attend the Epworth League again.

ROCK HILL, S. C.

Wymojo Mill Has Fine Night School Started.

Our mill is running better than it has for some time and everybody seems to be satisfied.

We have a fine night school started with around forty pupils and two teachers; the mill company is furnishing the books for which we all are very thankful.

A protracted meeting begins at White Street Baptist church Sunday, November 6th. Rev. Mr. Locke, an Indian preacher, will do the preaching. Everybody is invited.

Mrs. D. E. Elmore, who has been real sick for the past few weeks, is improving, we are glad to say.

Rev. and Mrs. T. H. Roach visited Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Moore Sunday, and Mr. Roach filled the pulpit at White Street Baptist church.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Smith and family visited in Gastonia Sunday.

Friends of Henry Smith will be glad to know he is able to be out again after being confined to his home with influenza.

JACK.

WANTED.

There is one question that bothers many a man. Shoul he sliok to the job he has, or cast about at once for another.

The answer depends entirely upon what you are striving for.

The first thing is to set your goal. **WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?**

A profession? A political appointment? An important executive position? A business of your own?

Every position should yield you three things:

1. Reasonable pay for the present.
2. Knowledge, training, or experience that will be worth money to you in the future.
3. Prestige or acquaintance that will be of assistance to you in attaining your goal.

Judge every opening by those three standards. But don't overlook chances for valuable training, merely because the pay is smaller, though it is a pretty safe rule that the concern with up-to-the-minute methods that it would profit you to learn, also pays up-to-the-minute salaries.

Hold each job long enough to get from it every speck of information there is in it. Hold it long enough to learn the job ahead. Then if there seems no likelihood of a vacancy soon in that job ahead, find one that corresponds to it somewhere else.

Progress! Keep going ahead! Don't be satisfied merely because your salary is being boosted occasionally. Learn something every day. When you reach the point in your work that you are no longer adding to your store of knowledge, or abilities, you are going backward, and it is time for you to move.

Move upward in the organization you are with if you can—but MOVE! Your actual salary is of slight importance compared with the knowledge and ability you add to your mind. Given a full storehouse there, the salary or the riches will speedily follow. But the biggest salary won't do you much good for long unless you've got the knowledge inside you to back it up.

Get firmly in mind the definite conviction that you can do anything right that you may wish to do. Then set your goal and let everything you do, all your work, all your study, all your associations, be a step toward that goal.

"If you want a thing bad enough
To go out and fight for it, work day and night
for it;
Give up your time and your peace and your
sleep for it.
If only desire of it makes you quite mad enough
never to tire of it,
Makes you hold all other things tawdry and
cheap for it;
If life seems all useless and empty without it
And all that you scheme and dream is about
it;
If gladly you will sweat for it, fret for it, plan
for it,
Lose all your terror of God or man for it;
If you will simply go after that thing you
want,"

With all your capacity, strength and sagacity,
Faith, hope and confidence—stern pertinacity—
If neither cold poverty, famished and gaunt,
Nor sickness nor pain of body or brain
Can turn you away from the thing that you
want,
If dogged and grim you besiege and beset it,
You'll get it."

W. M. Y. Cleve and Cloth Mills, Shelby, N. C.

And so the service closed. The preacher had a sense of guilt, as if he had failed in a God-given task; he was not at all pleased with himself, and hastened forward to speak to the stranger, who had so impressed him. But John hurried out as if pursued by fiends, and Louella was having a hard time keeping up with him.

"Made a darn fool of myself!" he muttered between his teeth, as they gained the open air and looked around for their driver.

"No John, you didn't," said Louella, noting that he was still trembling, and very much disturbed. "But what are we going to do now?"

"We are going back to town and hit the first train out. I'll choke to death here. There's something wrong in the air! Hi there!" he called, seeing his man, "let's go!"

All right sir," and the man turned and spoke to Alfred, who was standing near him:

"Say, you and your wife can ride on the front seat with me. These folks are going to your house, I suppose,—anyhow, they inquired for your place, and I brought them from the station to your home, but a colored man told us you were gone to church, so they came on too."

"Why, I don't know the people!"

"Must be some relatives of yours, though," insisted the driver.

Albert called Maud and they walked out to the road, as the man turned his horses and drove out of the church yard, and to where the two strangers stood.

"I am Albert Elgricel, sir," said Albert extending a friendly hand, and this is my wife. I understand that you were looking for us?" he added as they all shook hands, but the return introduction was not made.

"We—we—did want to find the Elgricel boys," admitted Louella, in a faint voice, throwing her veil and revealing a pale face and anxious appealing gray eyes. Maud liked her at once.

"Yes," assented John; "the oldest one: where is he?"

"He and my twin brother are away and I do not know the address of either. Is there anything I can do for you?" kindly.

"Well, I don't know,—but we could talk it over, anyhow," John answered in a strange voice. If we could get away from the crowd.

"Sure; come right on home with us. You are strangers here, and must take dinner with us."

"Thank you! Yes, this in our first trip to this state," as they all took seats in the carriage and drove away, leaving a curious crowd behind, staring after them.

Alfred and Maud were deeply puzzled and cast questioning glances at each other that received no answer.

Then they arrived at the Elgricel farm, and dismissed the carriage, which John had paid for himself with no little satisfaction, flashing a nice little roll of bank notes to prove that he was no beggar, asking favors. Alfred and Maud grew even more puzzled.

(Continued Next Week)